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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1873. NUMBER 41.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate, in the case of George Wehn, sr., vs. Mary Constable and Alfred Constable, No. 75, September Term, 1873, Ex. Doc., *Venditioni Exponas*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, NOV, 19th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 20, 1873.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Jane Mullen, (now intermarried with C. Lahey,) Administratrix of the estate of John Mullen, late of Washington township, deceased, as shown by her second and final account, all parties interested are hereby notified that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, the 5TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1873, at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 17, 1873.-3t.

WILLIAM KITTELL, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [1-29.-tf.]

OUT IN THE RAIN.

A round little face peeping out of a shawl
That was trying to cover it, dimples and all;
A fat little hand pushing sturdily up,
And catching the drops in its mite of a cup;
A frolicsome baby that didn't complain
Though mamma and he were out in the rain.

The ferry-boat jerked itself into the slip,
And down came the shower, a pelt and a drip;
The pretty young ladies were mute with despair,
For the rain would just leave them with "nothing to wear;"
While the dainty young gentlemen stared at the skies
With a feeling quite mildly expressed by surprise;
But 'twas fun to the baby, and once and again
He laughed his delight at the beautiful rain.

There were women with bundles and men with cigars;
There were newsboys around both the 'buses and cars;
There were crowds going up, there were crowds going down,
And faster the deluge poured over the town;
Umbrellas were useless at home in the hall,
And baby was fortunate, wrapped in a shawl;
He tugged at it bravely, with struggle and strain—
It hindered his seeing enough of the rain.

O baby! you darling, so merry and sweet,
I followed you up the long hill of the street;
I'd nothing to fear, for my hat was not new,
And so I had leisure to trifle with you,
And throw you my kisses, and think what a joy
That dear little mamma must find such a boy;
An armful to carry, a weight on her shoulder,
But day by day growing a tiny bit older;
Her pride and her comfort. She didn't complain
As she bore you so cheerily home in the rain.

Once there, how she'd loosen that magical pin
That had fastened so precious a prisoner in.
And golden curls tumbled and cap all awry,
And rumpled and crumpled, but happy and dry,
Would set you once more on the two little feet,
Restless and rosy, and cunning and fleet,
And laugh as you told her again and again,
"How nithe it wath, mamma, out dere in de wain!"

An Incident of the Chicago Fire.

The wind had again risen to a hurricane. All around was a storm of firebrands, as though the flakes in a snow-storm had been turned to flame. Great sheets of blazing felt-roofing were driven overhead. Everywhere timbers and masonry were falling; walls a half square in length came down with the thunder's crash, and in such quick succession that the noise ceased to be noticed. Thousands of frantic people were pushing wildly in every direction. The crowds seemed bewildered, lost, frenzied. And what wonder? The world seemed to be burning up, the heavens to be melting; a star looked like a speck of blood, so that the whole canopy of heaven when visible seemed blood-spattered. As the doctor was gazing at the terrible spectacle the cry ran from mouth to mouth that all the bridges across the west branch of the river were burned. There were thousands of spectators from the West Division who had come over to witness the melting away of the South Side business palaces. If the bridges were burned, there remained but one avenue by which they could reach their homes. There were cries of "the tunnel! the tunnel!" a panic and a grand rush, in which everybody was borne westward toward Washington street tunnel. Dr. Lively found himself forced into the tunnel. It was crowded with two streams of wildly excited people moving in opposite directions. One was rushing to the rescue of property on the South Side or to see the fire—the other, to get away from it. Most of these latter were carrying articles of furniture and bales of goods, or they were wheeling loaded barrows. Everybody was crowding and pushing. Our doctor had made his way thro' about one-third of the tunnel when suddenly every light went out. The great gasometer of the South Side gas-works had exploded. He was under the river, in the bowels of the earth, in the midst of that wild crowd of humanity, and in utter darkness. "There will be a panic," he thought: "all the weak will be overrun and trampled to death. God help them and help us all!" Then there came to him a flash of inspiration: "Keep to the right!" he shouted, "to the right!" "Keep to the right!" repeated an abetting voice. "To the right!" "Keep to the right!" "Right! Right!" The blessed words ran along from one end of the dark way to the other. Then a hush seemed to fall on the lips as as though the hearts were at prayer, and the two streams moved along like processions through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Facing about, Dr. Lively squeezed his way through a dense throng on North Water street bridge till he gained the North Division. Here he sat down on the steps of a warehouse to take breath and look back on the scene he had left. The fire had reached the river, which reflected the lurid horror above, and seemed a stream of molten metal, or a current of glowing lava ponred from some wide rend in the earth. Struggling human creatures in the blazing, hissing, sputtering waters realized Dante's imaginings of tortured, writhing souls on the red floor of hell.

Tired and faint, Dr. Lively pressed on to the north. He was not long in learning that the fire was already raging in the doomed North Division, and that the water-works were disabled. Reaching the house of his friend, where his family had taken refuge, he found them all informed of the peril to the North Side, and getting ready to move. His friend decided to take refuge on the prairies. "There we can keep up the race," he said.

"I am going where I can get water," said Dr. Lively; "it's the only thing under heaven that this fire-fiend won't eat. There isn't a suburb but may be burned. I'm going toward the lake." So he took possession of his wife and boy and started for Lincoln Park. There were lights in all the houses, and eager, swift-moving figures were seen through the doors and windows; everywhere people were getting their things into the streets. Shortly after, the flames, it was noticed, were beginning to pale. A weird kind of light began to creep over burning house, blazing street and ruined wall. The day was dawning. With a kind of bewildered feeling our friends watched the coming on of the strange, ghostly morning, and saw the pale, sickly, shamefaced sun come up out of the lake. It was ten o'clock before they reached the old cemetery south of Lincoln Park. Hundreds had already arrived there with their belongings representing every article that pertains to modern civilization. Parties were momently coming in with more loads. Here our friends halted. Mrs. Lively dropped down in a fugitive rocking chair, thinking what a comfort it would be to go off into a faint. But without a pillow or salts or camphor it was a luxury in which she did not dare to indulge, tho' she had a physician at hand. Right in front of her she noticed a besmutched, red-eyed woman who had something familiar in her appearance. "Why, it's myself!" she said to her husband, pointing to a large plate mirror leaning against an old headstone.

"Yes," said the doctor smiling, "we all look like sweeps."

Napoleon seated himself on a grave and opened his lunch-basket.

"Did anybody ever?" cried the mother, "This boy brought his basket through. There's nothing in all the world except something to eat that he would have devoted himself to in this way."

"Nothing could have proved more opportune," said the father.

Then they ate their breakfast, sharing it with a little girl who was crying for her father, and with a lady who was carrying a handsome dress bounet by the ribbons, and who in turn shared her portion with her poodle dog. They offered a slice of cake to a sad old gentleman sitting on an inverted pail with hands clasped above a gold headed cane, and his chin resting on them. He shook his head without speaking, and went on gazing in a dreary, abstracted way into the air, as though oblivious of everything around him. "Though I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there," he said in a slow-measured soliloquy. His lips began to quiver and the tears to stream down his furrowed face. Dr. Lively heard, and wiped his eyes on the back of his hand: he had nothing else to receive the quick tears. Just then a hearse with nodding black plumes came by loaded with boxes and bundles, on which were perched a woman and five children, the three youngest crowing and laughing in unconscious glee at their strange circumstances. This was followed by two buggies hitched together, both packed with women and children drawn by a single horse, astride of which was a lame man.

"What is it, madame?" said Dr. Lively to a woman who was wringing her hands and crying piteously.

"Why, you see," she said between her sobs, "me and Johnny made our livin' a-sellin' pop-corn; and last night we had a bushel popped ready for the Monday's trade; and now it's all gone: we've lost everything—all that beautiful corn: there wasn't a single scorched grain."

"But think what others have lost—their beautiful homes and all their business—"

She suddenly ceased crying, and turning upon him, said sharply, "We lost all we had: did they lose any more'n they had?"

A young man came pressing through the crowd, desperately clutching a picture in a handsome gilt frame. Through the smoke and smutch which stained the canvas was seen a gray-haired, saintly woman's head.

"The picture of his mother," thought the doctor with a swelling about his heart.

"I saved dese," said a jolly-faced German, extending his two hands; "and dey is all I had when I come from de Faderland to Chicago. And saved you nothin'?"

The man appealed to had about him three children and a pale delicate woman.

"I saved these," he said with a gesture that was an embrace. "All the baby-faces we left hanging on the walls in the home where they were born."

Then the bearded lip quivered and the lids were dropped over the brimming eyes. The mother looked up with clear, unfaltering features, and with a light grateful almost joyous, in her fine eyes, and said softly, "But all the real faces we've brought along."

Then one of the little girls took up the story: "Oh, mother, Tommy's picture will be burned, and we can never get another. Tommy's dead you know," she explained.

The mother's eyes grew misty, and so did the Gerrran's and the doctor's, and many others. There they were in that old deserted cemetery, a company of strangers, not one of whom had ever seen the other's face before, exchanging their confidence and mingling their tears.

All day long the fugitives poured into this strange encampment, and by night they numbered 30,000. There was shouting, swearing, laughing, weeping, wailing. There was palid stupefaction, sullen silence, and faces of black despair—every kind of face except the happy variety. The air was thick with frightful stories of arson; of men hanging to lamp posts; of incendiaries hurled headlong into the fires they had kindled; of riot, mobs and lawlessness. There was scarcely a suburb that was not reported to be burning up, and prairie fires were said to be raging. The fate of Sodom was believed to have overtaken Chicago and her dependent suburbs.

"There's no safety here," said Mrs. Lively nervously as the flames approached the cemetery. "Do let's get out of this horrid place. What in the world do you want to stay here for?"

"My dear," replied the doctor with a twinkle, "I don't want to stay here. We are not certainly safe, but I don't know of any place where our chances would be any better."

"Let's go down to the beach, get on a propeller and go out into the lake."

"But, my dear, 'The Sands' and the lake shore are already thronged. It is said that people were lying in the lake, and others standing up to their necks in water—women with children in their arms. The propellers have doubtless taken off fugitives to their entire capacity."

In the meantime the fire came on. Everywhere over the dead leaves and dry grass and piles of household goods, and against the headboards and wooden crosses, the brands were falling; and the people were running and dodging, and fighting the incipient fires.—*From "The Liveliest" in Lippincott's Magazine for November.*

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.—Mr. and Mrs. Harbison had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Harbison had just pushed back, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Harbison sat at the table, holding the infant Harbison, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, "Ephraim!" Mr. Harbison, who was on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet inquired what was the matter. "O, Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Armethea?" said the astonished Mr. Harbison, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby—" she gasped. Mr. Harbison turned pale, and commenced to sweat. "Baby has—baby has got a tooth!" "No!" screamed Mr. Harbison, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Harbison, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "O, O, it can't be," protested Mr. Harbison, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Harbison. "Open it's 'ittle mousy wousy for it's own muzzer. That's a toody woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the author of its being to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most indubitable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling and vehemence that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Harbison a hearty smack on the mouth, and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out by a gun, and right behind her came Mrs. H. at a speed that indicated she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. H. and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. H. held its head, and tried to still the throbbings of her heart, and Mr. H. danced up and down and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Harbison got out the necessary material, and Mr. Harbison at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning, and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.—*Danbury News.*

PANICS should be spelled *pay-nic.*

A GRIZZLY PRIZE FIGHT.

THE WONDERFUL MAN OF STEEL OF PIKE'S PEAK—PRODIGIOUS FEATS OF A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SAMPSON—THE TOUGHEST FIGHT ON RECORD.

Gen. James S. Brisbin gives the following sketch of the exploits of a noted frontiersman. The incidents were related to the General by Mr. Belden, the famous hunter, trapper, and guide of the Plains:

I was one of the first men in 1858 to arrive at Pike's Peak. I came up from the Missouri with a friend of my father's, and we stopped at Denver, or rather, I should say, where Denver now is, for the city was then composed of a few grog shops and shanties. In one of the mining camps I became acquainted with a fellow they called Bruiser Sam. He was a powerful man, and sometimes drank a great deal, but was always good tempered and kind hearted. The miners were a rough set in those days, and delighted in the most brutal of sports. Prize fighting was one of their pastimes, and at this Bruiser Sam excelled—no man in all the camps being able to stand up long before him. His feats of strength were prodigious. Often would he take a barrel of liquor by the chimes, and knocking out the bung, lift it up and drink from the hole, as easily as if it was a small keg. Then he would stand on a box twelve inches high and lift 180 pounds with his teeth. He could pick up a three-bushel bag of flour with his mouth, and carry it a rod. One day a saloon keeper offended Sam, and to have revenge he went out into the street, and, shouldering a large work horse, carried it into the saloon, leaving the enraged barkeeper to get it out and down the steps as best he could. At another time he carried a rock into the store and dropped it through the floor.

A HERCULES.

Sam's skin was as white and smooth as a girl's; but all over his arms, shoulders, and broad chest were bunches of knotty muscles as large as one's fist. He was a well-built and fine looking man, his waist being remarkably small, his hips broad, the legs well set, and feet small. Once his face was handsome, but whisky had bleared the eyes, and the nose was pimpled and red; still, Sam was a good-looking man, and, when dressed up in a new buckskin suit with yellow fringe, and his long, brown hair combed out in curls about his neck, he was a picture of an athletic frontiersman.

However, Sam was fast degenerating into a loafer; he had left off work and gone to living by his strength, just as thousands of men live by their wits in great cities. Any one would pay Sam's liquor to see him lift a barrel by the ends and drink from the bung hole; and occasionally, by way of variety, he would shoulder a horse or a mule for a glass of rum.

Dissipation told rapidly on "The Man of Steel," as he was called, and when I saw him in the spring he had delirium tremens, and it took five men to hold him. His frame was wasted away, the knots of sinews were gone, his chest drawn in, and the skin of his body soft.

A BOUT WITH A PRIZE FIGHTER.

It was about this time an old Englishman named Jones arrived at the mines, and hearing of Sam, expressed a desire to see him. Old Jones was a well-known prize fighter, but of late years had given up the ring himself and turned trainer. Sam's fame excited the envy of old Jones, and he no sooner saw him than he offered to fight Sam. The miners were astonished and tried to dissuade Jones from his purpose, but nothing would do but he must have a bout with Sam. So the day was set. Sam was sick on the morning of the fight and looked badly enough, but bets ran two to one on "The Man of Steel," against the Englishman. Time was called and the Englishman bounded into the ring, while Sam came up slowly, and looked languid and feeble; but at the very first pass he hit John Bull between the eyes, and no amount of sponging and bathing could induce him to stand upon his legs again that day. It was feared Sam had broken the Englishman's skull, but he got about in a day or two, and soon afterward both he and Sam disappeared from the saloons. The barkeepers were astonished. Sam did not come around any more for his grog, and no one could imagine where he had gone or what he was at. Foul play was beginning to be suspected, when it leaked out that Sam was in training, and that the Englishman was his trainer. After old Jones got that awful lick from Sam's brawny fist, he gave him no peace until he agreed to go into training and accompany the Englishman to England, there to fight the giants of the prize ring. Jones had not much money, but at his instigation a man named Dunham came over with plenty of cash, and as soon as Dunham came Jones quit, and the new Englishman became his trainer.

A NICE MAN TO TRAIN.

I saw Sam once while he was in training, and he looked well; the knots were on his arms again, and the great chest round and firm. He had been at his gum balls, sand bags and dumb bells about six weeks when, one morning, he got mad about something, knocked both Dunham and old Jones down, and made his escape from his keepers into the street. Stopping at the saloons and taking several drinks, he did not forget it was his hour for training, and amused himself by knocking down every stout looking fellow he met. Finally, after the Sheriff and half the town had been whipped, Sam was captured and put into jail; but here a new difficulty presented itself, for the jail was not a strong one, and Sam swore that he would instantly tear it down if they did not let him out. On promising that he would go straight to his lodgings, the door was opened, and Sam kept his word, for he went directly home and retired to bed. This outbreak was so unlike Sam's natural disposition that every one was at a loss to account for it; and, soon afterward, another ebullition of passion occurring. The Man of Steel's trainers abandoned him in disgust, and took themselves off East, each carrying with him, as a parting gift from Sam, a pair of black eyes and a swollen nose.

GOING FOR A GRIZZLY BEAR.

At this time a number of shoulder-hitters and desperadoes arrived at the mines, and gave Sam some trouble; but he finally conquered them all, and as the last fellow got licked he exclaimed: "Well, if you can lick me you can't lick a grizzly bear!" Sam swore he could lick a grizzly bear, and that single-handed, alone, he would fight one. There was a grizzly in the camp that had been caught by the miners when a cub, and raised by them. The bear was now nearly full grown, and altho' a great, powerful brute, was quite tame and harmless. It was not long before some wretches had arranged a fight between the dumb beast and Bruiser Sam, and the day was set. The bear was to be chained to a tree by the neck, and Sam was to fight him for one hour with his naked fists. Sam again went into training, with Jim Peyton for his trainer, and long before the day of the fight Peyton reported that his pupil was in splendid condition; and "would as soon fight as go a fishing."

The day came, and with it a great crowd. The bets were three to one on Sam, and many really believed he would whip the bear. Poor Bruin—a great, shaggy-coated fellow—was tied to a stake by a chain twelve feet long, and was as good tempered as could be, standing on his hind legs, and scampering about with delight at the sight of so many people. Perhaps there was as little of the real beast in Bruin as there was in many of the two-legged animals who came to see him fight. The keepers of the bear began teasing and poking him with sharp poles and irons, and although he took it quite coolly at first, he after a while growled fiercely and tugged at his chain. Sam now appeared with his keeper, Peyton, and was received with loud cheers by the human animals who wished to see a man and a beast fight.

THE FIGHT.

Stepping into the ring, Sam prepared for battle, stripping off all his clothing, except his boots, pants and drawers. His broad chest contrasted strangely with the shaggy coat of the beast, as the two combatants stood glaring at each other. The intelligent animal seemed to understand the situation in a moment, and, raising on his legs, walked toward Sam, who tried to hit him between the eyes, hoping to break his skull; but, failing in this, he stepped to one side, and giving the bear a powerful blow, knocked him down. Cheer after cheer greeted Sam as he stepped from the ring, and the men who had bet on the bear really began to fear they would lose their money. Five minutes were allowed between the rounds, and the baiters poked the beast vigorously all the time, so that when Sam came up again he was in a towering passion.

The moment Sam crossed the ring the bear recognized him and bounded the full length of the chain. So great was the rage of the beast that the people drew back in horror, and even Sam grew pale. Again the bear leaped forward, and taking his chain in his paws, attempted to break it. For a time it realsted all his efforts, but at length snapped in twain, and the affrighted people dashed terror-stricken from the plain.

THE END.

The bear dashed upon Sam, who bravely stood his ground, and actually succeeded in felling the beast to the earth, but in doing so lost his balance, and before he could escape the bear caught him with one claw, and hitting him on the face with the other, broke the poor fellow's jaw. Still Sam fought on with his jaw hanging upon his breast and blood spirting from a dozen wounds. It was terrible; but, of course, the bear won, knocking Sam down finally and tearing open his chest with its sharp claws. By this time the people had got guns and returned to the field, where they fired volley after volley into poor Bruin until he lay quite still; and Sam was dead too, and they took up his body and the carcass of the bear and buried them both. And thus ended Bruiser Sam and his grizzly-bear fight, which was perhaps the only prize bear fight ever fought in the world.

A STRANGE STORY.—A North German paper recently contained an advertisement addressed to the heirs of Catharine Speling and her daughter Dorothy, both of whom died violent deaths in Amsterdam in 1852. Connected with the death of these two women the following is related: The widow, Catharine Speling, and her daughter, Dorothy, were joint possessors of diamonds, money and bonds worth $150,000, and occupied a house by themselves on Harland St., Amsterdam. One day in the summer of 1852 a placard appeared on their door saying

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - November 7, 1873.

THE Democratic State Central Committee will meet at No. 1014 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at 4 p. m. As several subjects of importance will be presented for consideration, a full meeting of the Committee is earnestly desired.

WADE, the murderer, who was hanged at Williamsport, yesterday, filed off his iron collar on Wednesday night, and was about attempting to escape when his plans were discovered and frustrated. How he got the file and knife found in his possession is a mystery. He also attempted to swallow $59 in greenbacks, but a severe choking compelled him to disgorge the money.

THE New Yorkers, after having tried Stokes, are now arranging to try the jury that tried him. One of the men that served on the jury has already been indicted—and there are various rumors as to the influences employed to control his views. His associations were evidently of the worst, and his remarkable liberality with money is looked upon as a suspicious circumstance. The laws of New York, as regards murder, are of the worst, and it is not particularly strange that jurors should be defective.

ON Wednesday morning a most disastrous fire occurred in Harrisburg, destroying the State printing building, in which over one hundred men and women found employment. The building was owned by Benjamin Singerly, State printer, whose loss is estimated at over $200,000. About $15,000 worth of the debates of the Constitutional Convention were destroyed; also 1,500 copies of the journal of the Convention, 20,000 school reports, 6,000 soldiers' orphans reports, and several thousand school books of the Osgood series, which were printed by Mr. Singerly. It is said there was no insurance on the property, but we can scarcely credit the report.

THE result of the elections held last Tuesday in several States shows that the Democratic party, which the Radical papers have time and again pronounced dead and buried beyond all hope of resurrection, has achieved a long roll of decided and glorious victories. In New York the Democratic State ticket was elected by a majority ranging from 15,000 to 25,000, S. S. Cox was returned to Congress by 6,000 majority. The political complexion of the Legislature is not definitely ascertained. Massachusetts, which gave Grant a majority of 74,000, now elects Washburne Governor by only about 13,000 majority. The Radicals will have a majority in the New Jersey Legislature. Maryland has gone overwhelmingly Democratic. In Virginia, Gen. Kemper, Democrat, is elected Governor by about 30,000, with a Democratic Legislature. In Wisconsin, which gave Grant 18,000 majority, Taylor, Democrat, is elected Governor by 5,000. The Radical State ticket was successful in Minnesota. The Farmers' party seems to have been victorious in Illinois in electing its candidates for county offices in most of the counties. The same party made great inroads over the Radicals in the election of candidates to the Legislature, but the returns from the State are meagre. Elections were held in some other States, but we have no returns indicating the result. Taking it all together, the Democracy last Tuesday done a noble day's work.

THE late election in this county having sent Thomas Griffith "where the woodbine twineth," we had a right to suppose that his friends would permit his political remains to rest undisturbed. The *Herald* of last week, however, resurrected him and once more brought him to the front. In referring to our statement, that Griffith had gone to St. Nicholas on the *Sunday* before the election and purchased two kegs of lager beer, and then and there used their contents for electioneering purposes, that paper makes the distinct charge that what was imputed to Griffith was really done by his opponent, A. D. Criste, on the Sunday *previous* to the one spoken of. The *Herald* says: "*The writer seems to be ignorant of the fact that what he charges Mr. Griffith with having done, was done by A. D. Criste the Sunday prior to the one in question.*" The man who wrote this sentence knew at the time that he was uttering a wilful, deliberate falsehood. We have the authority of Mr. Criste for saying that during the campaign he made but *one* visit to St. Nicholas, and that was in *September*, on a *Saturday*—that Samuel Henry, John T. Harris, Republican candidate for Sheriff, and Thomas Davis, Chairman of the Republican County Committee, were there on the same day—and that on the *second* Sunday previous to the election, on which day the *Herald* locates him (Criste) at St. Nicholas buying two kegs of lager beer, he went to church at Summitville in the morning and was at his home in Munster during the balance of the day. Having made this statement, our readers can form their own opinion of the veracity of the man who presides over the editorial department of the *Herald*.

It is said, also, in the same article, that we "grossly slandered and misrepresented Mr. Griffith throughout the campaign." We deny it and appeal to the record. If to expose the electioneering devices of a candidate constitutes a slander against him, we admit the charge, but no man outside of a lunatic asylum will so construe it. We never uttered a tithe of what we ought to have said in reference to his *modus operandi* during the campaign. If the whole truth had been stated, it would have been made to appear beyond all doubt or cavil that during the seven weeks he was a candidate for office, he did more to drag down and debauch the political morals of the county than any other man who ever sought the suffrages of its people.

The New Constitution.

The Constitutional Convention brought its protracted labors to a final termination last Monday. That its work will satisfy the various conflicting interests of the State was not to be expected, and a well-organized and vigorous opposition to its ratification may be confidently anticipated. As a general rule, the people are reluctant to acquiesce in a change of their organic law and are content to suffer present evils rather than fly to others they know not of. Hence the Constitution of 1838, which was unquestionably a vast improvement on that of 1790, which it superceded, was strenuously opposed, and was adopted by the people by only a meagre majority. Constitutions require to be changed with the progress of the age and the advancing strides of the people in all that effects their material prosperity, and although we do not pretend to recollect specifically every detail of the work of the Convention, which can only be ascertained from the full text of the instrument when it is published, we believe it has succeeded in framing a supreme law for the State which ought and will meet with the approbation of a large majority of the people.

The Constitution is to be submitted to a popular vote at a special election to be held on *Tuesday*, the 16th of December, in order that, if it is adopted, it may go into effect before the meeting of the Legislature on the first Tuesday in January. It is important that this should be done for the purpose of preventing another session of vicious and corrupt special legislation.

After a full discussion, the Convention decided that the Constitution should be submitted as a whole and without a separate vote on any of its parts. It was supposed by some that a separate vote would be taken on the clause increasing the number of Senators from thirty-three to fifty and that of the House from one hundred to two hundred, and also on what is known as the "Rail Road Article"—which latter was the subject of more discussion than any other of the amendments—but the Convention determined otherwise. We are not quite convinced that such a course was wise and expedient, but it is now a fixed fact and it would be useless to discuss it.

In all the counties outside of Philadelphia, the election will be held by the present election officers, and it is made the duty of the County Commissioners to furnish each election district with the necessary number of tickets, both *for* and *against* the new Constitution.

In order absolutely to exclude the Philadelphia Ring from any chance of practising its usual wholesale and iniquitous frauds on the ballot-box in that city, the Convention wisely deprived the present election boards of all power to act at the proposed special election. In that city *five* commissioners of election have been appointed by the Convention, who are to revise and correct the registry lists and furnish corrected lists to the election officers of each election precinct. They are also to distribute the tickets and to appoint a Judge and two Inspectors for each election division. The general returns of the city are to be opened, computed and certified before them, and their approval must be endorsed on the return, which is to be sent to the President of the Convention at Harrisburg. The Commissioners are John P. Verree, Edwin H. Fitler and Edward Browning, Republicans, and John O. James and Henry S. Hagert, Democrats. These gentlemen are all prominent citizens of Philadelphia and are well known as high-minded, honorable men, who would scorn to perpetuate the frauds on the ballot-box that have made the name of Wm. B. Mann and those of his guilty co-operators infamous throughout the State. The Commissioners have a most responsible duty to perform, but their high character warrants the belief that they will prove themselves equal to the occasion. If they do the people of Philadelphia will once more enjoy the luxury of a fair and honest election and the ballot-boxes will not be made to utter a palpable and shameless lie.

THE action of the Constitutional Convention in refusing to permit the present election officers in Philadelphia to conduct the special election on the 16th day of December, for the adoption or rejection of the new Constitution, vindicates all that has been said by the Democratic party against the frauds that have been perpetrated by the corrupt ring of that city under cover of the infamous registry law. It is also a pointed rebuke to a Radical Legislature which has persistently refused, at the impudent dictation of Wm. B. Mann, to change or modify the law in the interests of a fair and honest election. Whether Harry White, who has always been its apologist in the Senate and opposed to its amendment, voted in the Convention in favor of or against the proposition of ignoring the present election officers in this particular instance, we do not know. Coming from a body of high-minded, intelligent men, unswayed by party feeling and solicitous only for an honest and uncorrupted response from the ballot-boxes in that ring-ridden city, it is an emphatic and manly condemnation of White and his allies in the Legislature, who have been more concerned for ring supremacy and fraudulent elections in Philadelphia than that the honest vote of her citizens should be protected and fairly proclaimed. The Convention having thus squarely repudiated the Philadelphia registry law and all its iniquities, Wm. B. Mann, who is its father, and the Radical members of the Legislature who sustained and defended it, can now realize the fact that an election law purposely designed against the purity of the ballot-box must and will disappear before the wrath of an indignant people.

STOKES, the murderer of Fisk, has escaped, under a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree, with four years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Judge Davis, in passing sentence, expressed his regret that he had not power to give him a more severe punishment.

Hard Times Ahead.

From every part of the country we have reports of the stoppage of mills and workshops, and the discharge of workmen. Hundreds of thousands of able, industrious people, skilled in their avocations, are thus deprived of employment. Instead of adding to the wealth of the community and providing for their own comfort and for the education of their children, they are suddenly converted into useless members of society, and compelled to subsist upon their former savings or upon the charity of others. It is evident that a winter of misery and suffering for a vast number of excellent people, who only demand the opportunity of being useful, is now to be expected.

What is the cause of this great misfortune? Who has brought such an immense calamity upon the country? Why is it that all this wretchedness must be endured? These are questions that every thoughtful man will seek to answer for himself. It cannot be expected that all will agree in the solution of such a problem; but there are certain facts which are essential to the case, and which no one who attempts to study it should leave out of view.

The Republican party has exercised unqualified control over the national government and over most of the State governments for more than twelve years. No party ever had such authority before or encountered so little or so ineffectual opposition. The people have given their entire confidence to this party; and whatever its statesmen and its legislators have desired has been done. Its dictates respecting the finances of the country and respecting all our business interests have been submitted to with more than cheerfulness. The public have been forward and zealous to obey, and have borne under its direction an amount of taxation such as scarcely any people ever endured before. Its power has been well nigh absolute; its responsibility is commensurate with its power. It is therefore in the legislation of the Republican party and in its administration of the Government that we must look for the origin of the misfortunes in which we are now involved and of the crushing evils which they produce.

Of course, writers and theorists will point to other causes. They will tell us that there has been excessive speculation, gambling in public enterprises; and too many railroads have been built; that too many foreign luxuries have been consumed; that the sentiment of honesty has been relaxed; and that corruption and extravagance have done the mischief. And to a great extent they will say truly. But where has this excessive speculation taken its rise? Where has the corruption found its chief incitements, exemplars, and practitioners? What set of public men have caused so many unnecessary railroads to be built and given them subsidies and land grants? To ask these questions is to answer them. Our financial machine has run off the track with all these passengers on board the train, and the destruction is tremendous. But the power that controlled and directed the train was the power of the Republican party, and all the passengers that have turned out to have been engaged in plundering us while we thought everything was going smoothly, were passengers that it put on board and obstinately refused to have turned away.

Only a year ago a considerable number of citizens, anxious about the future, attempted to compel a change in the administration of the Government. Their ideas were radically different from those of Gen. Grant and his adherents; and they declared their purpose to enforce a thorough reform in every department of public affairs. They warned the country that things were not right and that serious trouble was ahead. Their advice was neglected; their warning was scoffed at; their candidates and their measures were repudiated. The majority of the country concluded that it was best to keep Gen. Grant and his men in power; but now that the calamity that was foretold has come, perhaps some of those who would not then believe that it was impending will understand that they were not so wise as they thought themselves; and, at any rate, all will admit that the crisis which is upon us was not produced by either the critics or the opponents of the Republican party, but by the leaders and chosen representatives and deliberate policy of that party itself.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HORRIBLE DEED COMMITTED BY SOLDIERS OR NEGROES IN LOUISIANA.—A letter from ex-Judge Merrill, dated Coifax, Grant parish, October 29, says: In haste, and with feelings of horror, I write to inform the public of the action of the Metropolitan police sent here by Lieutenant-Governor Antoine, during the absence of Governor Kellogg. On Saturday night the house of a most respectable widow lady on Red River was fired into near this place. The doors were broken open, and the unfortunate lady and her daughter, a girl of seventeen summers, were cruelly assaulted. Neither of the ladies could be found until late on Sunday afternoon. An infant, eighteen months old, and a grandchild of ex-Governor Wells, was found out in the woods, some half a mile from the house, and near the spot where the foul deed was perpetrated. The infant was a niece of the lady, and a child of Mumford Wells, oldest son of ex-Governor Wells. The negroes up here all say that it was the soldiers, but we all believe if they were not the perpetrators, they instigated the negroes to the horrible deed of infamy. It is said here that when Col. De Klyne was informed of the outrage he smiled and said his troops were up here for a higher purpose than to arrest men for mere petty offences. Antoine is believed to have sent these creatures up here, to give the negroes a chance for revenge, and one of them told the writer that he had a right now, under the protection of the United States, to shoot any white man he wanted to shoot, and violate any woman he met. I said to him that these were State troops, and he replied that the Colonel had said at a negro ball the night before that he wanted all the colored people to come and see him, and that now they could do as they please, as they were under protection of the soldiers.

AN AGED FEMALE—*One Hundred and Fourteen Years Old.*—At No. 901 Coates street, in a dwelling of modest pretensions, there resides a lady who suffered "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" through nearly 114 years, and yet in both body and mind seems fitted to weather the storm as many years longer. She is as bright and as active as ever, speaks rationally and distinctly, and with the exception of a lack of memory fails to show the evidence of so long a life.

The name of this female is Hester Artos, and during the coming winter she will celebrate her one hundred and fourteenth birthday.

Her husband has been dead many years, but with numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren she passes a happy existence. At present she is visiting a niece in Roxborough, a manner in which she spends most of her time, going about among her relatives with knitting and sewing, waiting with patience the moment when she will be forever at rest. If it were not that the old lady is poor in memory she might call up many reminiscences of by-gone days, and relate with true fervor tales of the dark revolutionary times when this nation was struggling with a foreign despot.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

A Mother Burns her Babe.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR NEAR UNIONTOWN, PA. —AN INFANT THROWN INTO THE FIRE —CONFESSION AND VERDICT.

Fayette county already rejoices in a by no means enviable reputation for deeds of lawlessness and wickedness, and now it again comes to the front with another horrible and revolting affair. On Friday morning, 24th ult., Coroner Prader held an inquest at Dunbar Station, on the Connellsville Railroad, about eight miles from Uniontown, on the charred remains of an infant child, the offspring of a woman named Sarah Adams, who was suspected of having been guilty of the crime of infanticide. Dr. Clark produced what was left of the infant, being a mass of blackened flesh and bones. The head and limbs of the baby had been entirely consumed by fire. Being placed under oath, the doctor testified that on the afternoon of Thursday, the 22d inst., he was riding near Sarah Adams' house, when Mrs. Jane Miller hailed him and said she thought something was wrong in that dwelling. He went into the house and saw a fierce fire burning in the grate. A bad smell as though from burning fat and grease pervaded the room, and the blaze indicated something more than coal. Going to the grate, he removed some of the coals that were on top until he reached a burning mass, which he took out, and on examination it proved to be the body of an infant. When cool he took it to his office. Mrs. Jane Miller and Mrs. Nancy Gilpin both corroborated the testimony of Dr. Clark. Mrs. Adams had skipped during the progress of the investigation, and when arrested by officer Springer, of Uniontown, was some six miles away. On being brought before the jury she made the following confession: "I gave birth to a child Tuesday morning last—think between 8 and 10 o'clock, at Dunbar Station, in the county of Fayette. I was alone at the time of the birth. The child was dead-born or I would not have destroyed it. I put it in a box the same day and kept it in the box in the house until Thursday afternoon, when I put the child in the fire, and then I left the house." The Coroner then asked why she wished to destroy the body, to which she replied: "I wanted to prevent the disgrace of my children." The verdict of the jury is as follows: "The jury do say that said infant was born on the 21st day of October, 1873, and its body thrown into the fire by its mother, Mrs. Sarah Adams, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 23d of October, 1873, at Dunbar Station, Pa." Mrs Adams is now confined in the Fayette county jail.

HAUNTED RAILROADS.—Haunted houses are played out these days. Ghosts visiting this lively sphere gather about the liveliest and noisiest spots they can find. They bother railroad men and delay trains. A short time ago we gave an account of a ghost that troubled the railroad people near Scranton, Pennsylvania; now comes a visitation in the vicinity of Troy, New York, an account of which is given as follows: A fortnight ago, Thomas Campbell, who was temporarily acting as engineer of the train that left Troy at 4:45 P. M., when passing Stoney Lane, near the Agueduct, saw a man standing between the tracks waving his hat and gesticulating vehemently. Campbell whistled "down brakes," and keeping his eye on the man, and being fearful of running over him, whistled again. While the speed of the train was being slackened the man seemed to vanish from sight. Campbell and his fireman both express a willingness to swear to this statement. They affirm that the man did not walk away; he vanished into the air. After the train arrived at Schenectady they related the circumstance to the other men employed on the train.—There are several hypotheses by which this circumstance if it stood alone could be explained. But we can offer no explanation for what follows. On Monday of last week William Mower, the regular engineer of the train, saw on the same spot two human arms. When the train reached the place the arms disappeared. Tuesday evening the roof of the cab of the locomotive was struck by a stone, which the engineer says could have come from only one direction—the sky. Wednesday evening, John Lawrence, engineer of the gravel train, at precisely the same spot, saw the arms. The hands attached thereto were not clenched as before, but were open and held two balls of glowing fire. Thursday evening at the very same time and place, Lawrence discovered the body of a man lying across the track. In vain he essayed to stop the train. His efforts were futile. The locomotive and all the cars passed over the prostrate form. As speedily as possible the train was stopped, and all proceeded to the place where the form had been seen, expecting to see a bloody and mutilated corpse. They found nothing; not even a spot of blood. Then the conclusion forced itself upon the mind of the engineer that he had run over a ghost. He is an ardent Spiritualist, and he is positive in the belief that something about the occurrence was supernatural.

Every one will have his own theory about these things. To some the steam and smoke of the engine may be an explanation, to others a fancy more or less influenced by the distillation of a grain called rye.

THERE is a young woman named Mary Fancher, residing at the corner of Gates Avenue and Downing street, Brooklyn, who has, it is asserted by her physician, Dr. S. F. Speir, taken no food for eight years. She is twenty-five years of age, bright and intelligent. As a girl she was a close applicant to her studies, and was wont to abandon her meals to ponder over her books until the strain upon her intellectual and physical strength overcame her. She also sustained injuries by being thrown from a horse. Subsequently she fell off a Fulton avenue car, and was dragged along the street for a distance of forty feet by her crinoline catching in the car. She was then afflicted by absolute nervous prostration and has since been confined to her bed. Her legs are twisted and her hands are drawn up behind her head. She sleeps but little, and is said to be endowed with clairvoyant faculties. She works embroidery in colors with great facility, and has made slippers and smoking caps with initials worked in them. The doctor is positive that there is no deception in the case, and has used every effort possible to detect any sign of imposition, but to no purpose. The case has baffled the skill of hundreds of physicians who has examined it.

NIXON was executed. He shot a stranger in the frenzy of ungovernable fury. Gaffney suffered death on the gallows. He killed a man under the passion of losses at gambling and while temporarily insane through drink. They were poor devils. And if they had escaped the gallows by luck and gone to Sing Sing would have been put to hard labor and treated to shower baths, blows and the solitary cell. Stokes deliberately and daintily picked off his enemy while the latter was in a trap, and genteely fired off his deadly Derringer with a gloven hand. He escapes hanging and will live like an imprisoned lord or like the young murderer Walworth at Sing Sing. But his friends are highly respectable—and they have plenty of money.—*N. Y. Herald.*

News and Political Items.

—Antwerp City, a mushroom village in the oil regions, has entirely disappeared, all the inhabitants having removed, with their houses and effects.

—There is a hen in Williamsport which has just distinguished herself by bringing forth a family of thirty-two chicks.

—An incendiary fire, the third that has occurred in two weeks, took place in the village of Scotia, New York, on the 2d, destroying $14,000 worth of property.

—The Juniata *Republican* says: "Dead eels are floating with the current in both the canal and river. Of the likes of such an epidemic old fishermen have no knowledge."

—Humboldt county, Iowa, has produced thirteen pairs of twins within as many weeks, and many prudent swains have broke off their engagements in consequence.

—J. Nicholas Doyle, of Oneida, New York, arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick, on the 1st, with his wife. The next day he shot her dead in the street, and afterwards shot and killed himself. Jealousy was the supposed cause.

—In Wareham, Mass., on Sunday last, a large wagon conveying seventeen persons from that town to the Catholic church at Tremont village, was upset. John O'Hara, Michael Prindable and Thomas Reilly were seriously injured, and several others were badly bruised.

—Reports from Belmont, Nevada, say there is intense excitement at that place over the discovery of a mine ledge. It is ten feet wide and it already has been traced two hundred and seventy-five feet. The ore yields from one thousand to three thousand dollars per ton.

—Henry Walters, of Mount Joy township, Lancaster county, hung himself on the 27th in the woods near his home. He was in the habit of wearing a belt around his waist, which habit his wife disliked; so she hid the belt from him. He then threatened to kill himself and he did it.

—One of the jailors at the Tombs is said to have expressed great indignation at the Stokes verdict. "Why, before now," exclaimed the wrathy official, "I have seen a man taken from this place and sentenced to five years imprisonment for stealing money enough to keep his family from starving."

—Mr. John Murphy drove Joe Elliott, the renowned trotter owned by Mr. Robert Bonner, over Prospect Park last week, a quarter in thirty-nine seconds, making the half mile in 1:00. He then drove a full mile at his ease in 2:18½. On the same day he jogged Pocahontas at an exercising gait at 2:19½.

—Griffith Thomas, a mining engineer, met a horrible death in Luzerne county on Thursday. While in a mine his lamp went out, and while groping around a lot of loaded cars approached him. He stood on one side of the track, but there being not sufficient room between the wall and the track he was crushed by the cars.

—George Kirk, a young peddler, made an indecent assault upon the person of a young German girl, Susan Welden by name, at Tamaqua, on the 24th inst., while she was lying at the point of death from fever. The girl died, and on the inquest her attending physicians testified that her death had been hastened by the violence of Kirk. The miscreant escaped.

—A white oak tree was cut down a short time ago in Lebanon county which yielded 3,000 feet of plank, valued at seventy-five dollars, and ten cords of wood of the value of twenty dollars. The logs were five and a half feet in diameter. About thirty-five years ago the tree was trimmed by Mr. Heilman and about three cords of wood cut from the limbs.

—At a recent election in Iowa nearly every County Treasurer was defeated for re-election, and many of them seem to be terribly alarmed at the general overhauling of books that must follow. A local journal says: "The Jackson County Treasurer takes time by the forelock, and announces that $20,000 of the funds in his keeping was stolen the other night by burglars." The burglars are inside of the Radical money depositories, not out.

—The fact is mentioned by the Pittsburgh *Post* that in California, where a dead set was made against greenbacks from the word go; where the currency is composed of gold and silver coin, and of paper redeemable on demand, we hear of no panic—no stoppage of business of any kind—not even the most trifling ripple upon the business surface of the State. It would seem as if California money was something of the right sort, after all is said and done."

—Mr. Dill, the Democratic candidate for State Senate, has been elected by a majority of 23 votes over Wagonseller, in the district composed of Union, Snyder, Northumberland and Perry counties. Only one year ago these counties gave Grant a majority exceeding 3,700 votes. Mr. Wagonseller was once a Democratic member of the lower House, and was one of a famous trimvirate who permitted themselves to be overcome by Cameron's blandishments. Verily he has his reward.

—A Washington dispatch has the following: It has transpired that the house of Jay Cooke & Co., which borrowed from the First National Bank of this city $800,000, through the influence of Henry D. Cooke, President of the bank, has since their failure withdrawn $200,000 in Central Pacific bonds, and deposited them with the Secretary of the Treasury as security for $200,000 advanced them by the Secretary a few days before their failure. Creditors of Jay Cooke & Co. are to investigate the above proceeding.

—The Sprague firm in Rhode Island, wealthy cotton-spinners, claim to be worth $18,400,000. They control the little State in both business and politics; but they send to New York to borrow $1,000,000 more! This is the class built up by an inflated paper currency—two men having been enabled, beneath the shadow of greenbacks, to accumulate enough to make two hundred and sixty-eight men worth $50,000 each! Talk as you may about it, such a condition of affairs is unhealthy, and the legislation which produces it is anti-Republican and should be utterly destroyed.

—Three small colored children were burned to death on Saturday near the Virginia end of the Washington Aqueduct bridge. The father of the children was at work at the coal wharves in Georgetown, and their mother, having made a fire in the stove, started with her husband's dinner, locking the children in the house, the oldest being about 4 years and the youngest an infant in the cradle. The mother had scarcely reached the coal wharves when she saw the house in flames, and before any assistance could be rendered it was entirely destroyed, with the three children.

—The New York *Sun* argues that the salary of the President can be limited to $25,000 a year. The ground taken by the *Sun* is that the appropriation act increasing the President's salary to $50,000 contains a section providing "for the compensation of the President of the United States twenty-five thousand dollars." On this it founds the argument that as two salaries are fixed in the same bill the President should be allowed to draw only the smaller one. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* regrets that attention has been called by the *Sun* to this matter, as Grant will now be moved to take both salaries, inasmuch as he finds them allowed him in the civil appropriation act. Instead of taking the smaller salary he will only add it to the large one and make his annual pay $75,000.

A PERFECTL

MAMMOTH

PROCEEDING

WE HAVE HESITATED ABOUT BREAKING THE

BUT THERE IS NO HELP FOR IT

WE HAVE OVER

ONE MILLION OF DOLLA

--IN--

Men's and Boys' Clothin

And Goods for Men's Wear

BUT WE CANNOT AFFORD TO CARRY

GOOD TIMES ARE COMIN

But We cannot sell Winter Clothing in Summer Time and People can wear Summer Clothing in Winter Time.

WANAMAKER

& BROW

THEREFORE ORGANIZED AT OAK HALL AN IMMENSE AND

We have actually more than a

$2,000,000 WORTH

--OF--

GENT'S AND BOYS' CLOTHI

And now Throw it on the Market to be Sold Immedi

OAK HALL BUILDING

SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADEL

WE MADE UP THE BEST GOODS IN THE BEST MANNE
PECTING TO SELL AT A PROFIT BUT WE CAN
NOT STAND FOR PROFITS NOW

A PLAIN STATEMENT FROM

WANAMAKER & BRO

We know that the flurry in the money market is only temporary harvests throughout the country have been large, and business has conducted, as a general thing, on sound principles; it is only specula brought about this state of affairs, which must soon subside. It season to sell our Goods.

Books, Machines, Furniture, &c., can be sold all the year roun Goods are made for special seasons, and so, without halting.

WANAMAKER & BRO

Adopt a War Measure, and put into immediate operation

A SWEEPING SAL

THAT SHALL CLEAR OUR COUNTERS.

THIS IS GOOD NEWS TO THE MILLIONS OF CITY AND COU

They will Gain the Profit from Our Necessity, but they have patronized us in good times, and we are willing to give up profits say without exaggeration that this is the best opportunity for offered in America, beginning

SATURDAY, Novembe

And continuing rapidly without interruption until further notic

We will sell for READY MON

THE FOLLOWING:

FOR GENTLEMEN,	4716 BLUE AND BLACK DRESS COATS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	1710 DOUBLE-BREASTED STREET COATS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	5123 CASSIMERE BUSINESS COATS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	5682 BEAVER AND KERSEY OVERCOATS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	3876 PAIRS OF BLACK PANTS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	7214 PAIRS OF CASSIMERE PANTS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	2500 BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH VESTS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR GENTLEMEN,	7590 CASSIMERE VESTS,	FOR GENTLE
FOR LARGE BOYS,	1114 CHESTERFIELD COATS,	FOR LARGE
FOR LARGE BOYS,	1700 BEAVER AND CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS,	FOR LARGE
FOR LARGE BOYS,	2313 FANCY CASSIMERE PANTS,	FOR LARGE
FOR LARGE BOYS,	2683 FANCY CASSIMERE VESTS,	FOR LARGE
FOR SMALL BOYS,	3313 BLUE AND TRICOT AND CASSIMERE JACKETS,	FOR SMALL
FOR SMALL BOYS,	4690 PANTS TO MATCH,	FOR SMALL
FOR CHILDREN,	2317 HARVARD SUITS,	FOR CHILDR
FOR CHILDREN,	1316 PRINCE ALBERT SUITS,	FOR CHILDR
FOR CHILDREN,	1131 GARIBALDI SUITS,	FOR CHILDR

Making Altogether by Far the Largest Stock to be found in any Clothing House in the World. We are content to lose money rather carry stock until next season. Imperative necessity is laid upon us to must make the best of it.

The Store will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and remain open 7 o'clock in the evening, and on Saturday night until 10 o'clock. Every cle sold guaranteed as represented.

Parties coming together from country towns within forty miles of purchasing at OAK HALL, will receive, besides the great bargains that a railroad ticket to return home.

WANAMAKER & BROW

OAK HALL,

SIXTH AND MARKET STREE

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 7, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—How's your bank account?

—Buckwheat cakes and "sassingers" are about this time.

—The financial flurry has left many barren fig trees even in this community.

—Nearly everybody knows by this time how much money his neighbor has in bank.

—Money matters miserably muddled.—Melancholy men meditate moodily meanwhile.

—Lots of ads. and not many locals this week. Good enough for us, if not for our readers.

—Lizzie Roberts, a young girl of Cookport, is in the Indiana county jail awaiting trial for alleged infanticide.

—A deer weighing nearly 200 pounds was killed in a wheat field on the Wapsonocock, about two or three miles from Altoona, on Friday last.

—Charles McFadden was struck and instantly killed by the limb of a fallen tree, while logging on Trout Run, Clearfield county, on Saturday.

—President Grant has appointed Thursday, Nov. 27th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and Gov. Hartranft has seconded the motion.

—Daniel Bivan, a coal miner at Penn Haven, was crushed to death on Friday by a car running off the track and falling on him. Age 17.

—County Treasurer Cox has $4,500, or thereabouts, of the public money under lock and key in Lloyd's bank. How much have you got—public or private?

—Mr. James M. Harr, formerly of this place, now of Topeka, has been nominated by the Republican candidate for Register of Wills in Shawnee county, Kansas.

—A man named Faber, who was run over by a train of cars at Bells Mills, Blair county, on Tuesday, died at the poor-house, where he was removed, the same evening. Our friend and patron, Mr. S. A. Shoemaker, of report speaks truly, has just uncovered a six foot vein of excellent bituminous coal, the heftiest vein in that region, on his farm near Carrolltown. Hope it's true.

—D. M. Strickley, of Bedford county, recently and recently married, eloped with a young girl the other day and went to Pittsburgh, but the wife followed and succeeded in reclaiming and bringing him home.

—The question of establishing another Republican paper is being mooted in Hollidaysburg. Queer time now to talk about such an enterprise when money is nowhere and barterism is rapidly sinking into mercantilism.

—Two former residents of this county, named Paul Colsugh and Abram Good, recently suffered the loss by fire, not long since, of some seventeen hundred bushels of buckwheat, at their homes in Blackhawk county, Iowa.

—John Heffner and Catharine Kriger, both of whom reside near M'Connellstown, Huntingdon county, have just went and married and did it matrimonially at the patriarchal ages respectively of 78 and 67 years. Not too late to do good.

—Mr. Matthew Ivory, of Clearfield township, owned as good a wagon as there was any where, but now it is very sadly demoralized, by a span of horses having taken fright one day last week and run away, making smithereens of the wagon in very short order.

—Albert Klink, seven years old, was instantly killed in Altoona, on Saturday, by a panel of fence falling upon him. Several boys were sitting on the fence at the time, when it suddenly gave way and struck Klink, with the sad result above stated.

—Joseph Mardis, of Indiana county, has been found guilty in the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh of having counterfeit money in his possession, and has been remanded for sentence. His brother James pleaded last accounts, being tried for the same offence.

—A little boy named Benjamin Stern accidentally struck another little boy named Joseph Hoover in the mouth with a small hatchet or hatchet axe, at Metzgar's saw-mill, in Somerset county, one day last week, and the latter has now a larger opening in his face than is compatible with either beauty or use.

—Mrs. Rebecca Gorsuch was on Friday arrested and held in the sum of $1,000 to appear at Court to answer the charge of incendiarism, growing out of the burning of setting on fire and total destruction of Mr. Drew Decker's barn, in Henderson township, Huntingdon county, on the 18th inst.

—A young married man named John Monsarrat, of Clearfield township, was thrown from a wagon, a few days ago, in consequence of the lever breaking while going down hill, when one of the wheels passed over him, fracturing two of his ribs and otherwise injuring him quite severely. He is recovering.

—A young man named John Miller, of Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county, had all the toes on one of his feet cut off by being caught in a threshing machine. Had he not been caught and drawn out by Michael Kunkel, who witnessed the accident, his life would no doubt have paid the penalty.

—Forty-five head of livery and draught horses in excellent condition, will be sold on terms by Messrs. L. & S. W. Davis, at a place, who have no further use for same owing to the closing for the season of their livery stable at Cresson. Here is a chance to invest in "horse flesh" that buyers will do well to take advantage of.

—The new time table will only effect the new schedule has on the Branch road is in the arrival of the morning and evening trains at this place, the former departing at 6 and arriving at 10.15 a. m., and the latter going out at 7:10 and arriving at 10:15 p. m. Next week we will give the time table on the main line, with table of distances and rates of fare from this station to all points east and west.

—John Lockiden, an employee on the railroad extension to Curwinsville, Clearfield county, was killed while blasting rocks on the line last. He was terribly lacerated about the head and neck, both eyes were put out, and his windpipe was cut off. He was unmarried. Remains sent home for burial, to Pittsburgh. Another employee, named Wm. Dougherty was badly injured by the same blast.

—Henry Hansman and Geo. Guessragen, brewers respectively of Johnstown and Cambria boroughs, have been convicted in the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh of carrying on business without paying the special tax, and each have been mulcted in the sum of $500 fine by way of compromise.

—Charles J. Baker, whom, it will be remembered, while enjoying the liberties of Castle Bonacker, in this place, a few months ago, overheard one of the servant girls tell another where the front door key could be found, and, acting on the information, skipped out and made good his escape, has just been brought up standing in Pittsburgh on another charge of larceny, the articles stolen being bracelets, rings, and other jewelry.

—We received a visit Thursday from our young and amiable friend, Mr. John Stenger, representing the extensive and well known wholesale and retail dry goods and notion house of Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn, Johnstown. Mr. S. is not only a host in himself, but is commercial agent for a firm that will do to tie to under all circumstances. He went northward on a business tour, which we hope will prove highly successful.

—Mr. Jonas Harshberger, of Scalp Level, Richland township, was either choked to death by a piece of meat while eating dinner at the hotel of Mr. Geo. Conrad, in that place, on Friday last, or else died of heart disease. Both causes have been assigned, and we can't say which was the right one. We don't think eating meat on Friday is very healthy anyhow, though many people differ with us on that subject.

—The cows and the hens seem to have caught the suspension disease from the banks, for fresh butter and eggs are as scarce here and elsewhere in this bailiwick as lawyers are supposed to be in heaven. The falling off in eggs, however, will no doubt be overcome as soon as the Democratic roosters get done crowing over the recent election. It couldn't of course be expected that hens would attend to business when there is so much "music in the air."

—If "Tax-Payer" will take upon himself the task of making the expose which he thinks ought to be done in a certain quarter, he will find our columns open for any plain, circumstantial statement of facts which he may wish to have published. Until that is done, it is in our opinion, perfectly useless to be throwing driftwood upon the current, only to be carried down the stream and forgotten as soon as it disappears from public view. Let us have facts, plain and explicit.

—The gold watch which was up for votes at the recent church fair at Wilmore has been won by Miss Maggie Egan, of the Viaduct, the ballots in her favor netting $191, against $71 for Miss M. J. Cullen and $61 for Mrs. John Hagan. The second lady on the list was not in the contest for a considerable time after her competitors had been named. For the sleigh and harness John Wenderoth had $175, and F. J. Brown, of Summerhill, $125, which of course left the latter out in the cold, so to speak.

—Harry Rodgers, son of Mr. Lew. Rodgers, of this place, went out to shoot the other day, and came home shot. He and a little associate having "treed" a "grounny" in a brush heap, Harry went in to scare out the game while his "butty" stood ready to do the slaughtering at Harry's command. The game was started, the word given and the shot fired, but instead of hitting the squirrel, as intended, the shot took effect for the most part in young Rodgers' arm and side, but fortunately did not do much damage.

—A very *strong* argument against double teaming it in such an emergency has been furnished by an accident which befel two young ladies in Millville, on Friday evening last, their united weights having caused the floor of an out-house to give way, thus precipitating the twain into the cess-pool beneath. It required the combined efforts of five stalwart men to replace the unfortunate feminines safely on terra firma, where, it is fair to presume, each would for the time being have smelt just as sweet by any other name.

—The District Court problem has been solved by the appointment, by Gov. Hartranft, of Judge Potts to his old position, the retaining of Capt. David Hamilton as one of the Associates, and the selection of R. B. Gageby, Esq., as the other. The Court is now thoroughly Republican, and although some even in that party may have thought that the ermine would set more gracefully on other shoulders than those of Judge Potts, it is admitted that no better selections could have been made for the positions of Associates, both being competent, reliable and trustworthy.

—Come in your majesty, come in your might; come in the morning, come before night; come when you please, come when you can, and bring all the folks if you're a family man, for Spence, we are sure, will be awfully glad to welcome you all, man, matron and lad, not forgetting the lassies, whose pictures he'll take in less time than a lamb its appendage can shake, and do them so cheap that you'll wonder the while that pictures at the price can be made in such style. Gallery in the rear second story of G. G. Owens' building, opposite the only bank in town that has not suspended.

—A stabbing affray, says the Johnstown *Tribune*, took place at Blairsville on Saturday evening last. Two men, James Brison and Joseph Bronson, had a difficulty, and the former attempted to stab the latter. At this juncture a woman named Mrs. Over stepped between them for the purpose of separating them, when Brison made a plunge with the knife, cutting her very severely in the groin. A physician was called and he dressed the wound. Two accidents are also reported from Blairsville on the same day. Thomas Cramer, employed as a brakeman on the West Penn Railroad, fell across a bar of iron, and had one of his ankles broken, and George Gibson, a carpenter, was precipitated from the second story of a new building, sustaining serious injuries.

—The new Board of Poor House Directors held their first monthly meeting at that institution on Monday last, at which time Mr. Anselm Weakley, the recently elected member, and who, by the way, will make one of the most faithful and efficient Directors that has ever been promoted to that position, was duly inducted into office; after which Mr. Isadore Lilly, who has given the most unbounded satisfaction and won the plaudits of all, was re-appointed Steward by acclamation, and Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., was continued as counsel to the Board. The Directors declined to appoint a visiting physician, but instructed Mr. Lilly to call in Dr. J. J. Oatman when his professional services became necessary. What else the Directory did in the premises will be seen by advertisement elsewhere.

—The show front in Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn's new store building, on Clinton street, Johnstown, is said to be the most gorgeous and elegant thing of the kind to be found outside of the big cities. It might be added that a more gentlemanly trio than the firm named cannot be trotted out anywhere. They are not only unsurpassable on show fronts, but take the lead at all times in the show of rich and desirable goods, which they show to customers with great pleasure and show them very clearly how money can be saved in buying at their mammoth establishment. They are now ready to supply dry goods, notions, etc., at wholesale as well as retail, their wholesale department being filled with an immense stock which will be sold at lowest wholesale city prices. Country merchants should call.

—In a portion of our edition last week we announced the suspension of all the banking houses with which Wm. M. Lloyd, Esq., of Altoona, is connected, including the one in this place. The suspension was caused by the failure on Thursday of last week of Messrs. Lloyd, Hamilton & Co., of New York, to meet their obligations, and, being the first brick in a row of twelve, its fall caused the others to topple over in quick succession. Up to present writing matters remain in *statu quo*, but the assurance having been given by Mr. Lloyd himself that the assets of the several institutions are amply sufficient to meet all their liabilities, and a full statement having been promised at as early a day as possible, everybody is, like Micawber, breathlessly "waiting for something to turn up," as we are confident it will in the right direction if the patience of creditors will permit and the financial ability and well known integrity of Mr. Lloyd and his several partners can succeed in bringing about that much wished for consummation.

LIGHT BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To one quart of buckwheat flour add three tablespoonfuls of molasses or syrup, and three teaspoonfuls of salt; then add one quart of warm water (or warm water and sweet milk); let it stand over night in a warm place; in the morning, when ready to bake, stir in thoroughly two measures of Banner Baking Powder; bake immediately on a hot griddle.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this really valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable recipes.

A KISSING SCENE.—"Oh! kiss me and go," said the maid of his heart, as she proffered her lips as his pay to depart; "the morn is approaching, my mother will know, my kindest and dearest, just kiss me and go!" And the smack that he gave her was tarnation loud, as they parted that morning at the steps of the door, and soon the brave "lovver" was lost in the crowd that was rushing pell mell to S. J. Hess & Bro.'s cheap clothing store, 141 Main street, Johnstown.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.—The present cold snap may not last long, but if you put off buying an overcoat or your supply of warm clothing you may find that winter has come before you are ready for it. Buy in time, then, and buy from James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, who has a very complete, a very handsome, and a very cheap stock of winter clothing just now on his shelves, and can please any man's taste and suit any man's purse.

TRADE WINDS.—Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar—tell, oh! tell me where, oh! where I'll find the cheapest store? The winds replied and this they said, I never yet in all my trade have had the luck to suit my mind more fully in goods of every kind than at Myers & Lloyd's cheap store complete, whose stock and prices none can beat.

CLOTHING BY MAIL.—That is to say, send your measure by mail, and you get your clothing by express, made expressly for you, at Oak Hall, by WANAMAKER & BROWN, Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

HYMENEAL.

JONES—DOYLE.—Married, on Tuesday, 28th ult., in St. Augustine's church, St. Augustine, by Rev. Father McEnroe, Mr. Wm. H. JONES, (formerly of Cambria twp.,) and Miss CATHARINE DOYLE, both of Chest Springs.

KREUTZER—HOOVER.—Married, at same time and place, by the same, Mr. JACOB KREUTZER, of Carrolltown, and Miss MARY HOOVER, of St. Augustine.

CONFER—OSBORN.—Married, at the pastoral residence of St. John's Catholic church, Johnstown, on Tuesday, 28th ult., by Rev. O. P. Gallagher, Mr. JOHN CONFER, of East Conemaugh, and Miss AGGIE OSBORN, of Yoder township.

OBITUARY.

DONOVAN.—Died, in this place, on Saturday last, of diptheria, GEORGE, son of Michael and —— Donovan, aged about 7 years.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are hereby notified to call and settle at the store of A. A. BARKER & SON and settle their accounts. After January 1st, 1874, my books will be left with proper officers for collection. Those who wish to save costs and trouble will pay attention to this notice. V. S. BARKER.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1873.

STRAY STEER.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Chest township, on or about October 30th, a DUN COLORED STEER, one year old last Spring, with tail cropped short. No other marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away; otherwise it will be disposed of according to law. ADAM LEIDEN.

Chest Twp., Nov. 7, 1873.-3t.

STRAY HEIFERS.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Washington township, about the middle of July last, two 2 year old HEIFERS, one of which is a mulley, light red in color, and the other is dark red—neither of them having spots or marks of any kind. The owner is hereby notified that if he fails to call and identify the cattle, and pay all expenses, they will be disposed of as the law directs. MICHAEL BRAWLEY.

Washington Twp., Nov. 7, 1873.-3t.*

ESTRAYS.—A one-and-a-half year old STEER, of dark red color, with a few white spots on him, the right ear being cut off and the other slit, and a one year old BULL with both ears apparently cropped off, the hind legs white from the buttocks down, and having a short tail, recently came to my premises, and as I have as many cattle of my own as I can feed, the owner is requested to appear, prove property, pay charges, and take them away; failing in which they will be disposed of according to law. JEREMIAH GLEASON.

Summerhill Twp., Nov. 7, 1873.-3t.

TRIAL LIST.—List of Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on Monday, the first day of December, A. D. 1873:

FIRST WEEK.

Wagner.....vs. Kiern.
Hahn.....vs. Parrish.
Griffith.....vs. Gillespie.
O'Leary.....vs. Campbell.
Urban.....vs. McGonigle Execut's.
Dalzell & Co.....vs. R. E. Jones.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1873.

TRUSTEE'S SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Hotel of Michael Fitzharris, in Gallitzin, Cambria county, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, inst.,
AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following Real Estate, late the property of CATHARINE PARRISH, deceased, to-wit:

One Lot of Ground,

situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jackson Watts and P. O'Harra, having thereon erected a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE
AND OUTBUILDINGS.

☞ The premises are in good condition, and have a number of choice fruit trees thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

Nov. 7, 1873.-3t. H. KIZKEAD, Trustee.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Al. Fi. Fo.*, *Vend. Exfon.*, *Al. Vend. Expon.*, and *Plu. Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 24th day of November**, inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to-wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of George Mears, of, in and to the following tracts of land, to-wit: A piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Henry Weaver and Jacob Weaver, Wm. Brockbank, heirs of John Farren and Jas. Burke, containing 408 acres, more or less, unimproved. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate near Portage Station, Washington township, Cambria county, fronting on the Pennsylvania Rail Road and adjoining lots of Wm. Griffith, Philip Hopfer, and others, containing 2 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of Jacob Fleuner. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Jas. Burk, Daniel Neff, Daniel Flenner, dec'd, and Wm. Smith, containing 220 acres, more or less, about 5 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a steam saw mill, now not occupied, and a two-story plank house and a board stable, now in the occupancy of Jacob Crum, and a one-and-a-half-story plank house and stable, now not occupied, and a two-story double house, part plank and part log, and a plank stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Margaret Crum, and a two-story plank house, now not occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of W. M. Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of P. F. Carney, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the village of Gallitzin, Cambria county, on a street and extending back to a street, adjoining lot of C. D. Bradley on the north and a street on the south, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of P. F. Carney. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Mary Ripple and Samuel Ripple, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sarah Leidy, Daniel Rager, and others, containing about 50 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house, now in the occupancy of Sam'l Ripple. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Rager, Administrator of Peter Rager, deceased.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Crook, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David Huberd, John Mouse, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house and a plank stable, now in the occupancy of John V. Crook. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Bradley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Bridget Ann Moyer and Lucas Moyer, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Matthew Ivory, David Sutton, and others, containing 68 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house and log stable, now in the occupancy of Lucas Moyer. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Chas. Strochecker, for use of E. & H. Nutter.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Jane Sweeny, of, in and to a piece of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, fronting on the Old Portage Rail Road and adjoining lands of F. M. George, Margaret Sharp, and others, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of Jane Sweeny. *Also*, a lot ground situate in Washington twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of J. McGonigle, M. Enfield, and others. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Samuel H. Baird, for use of E. S. Ward, Assignee.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Peter McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, jr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 79 acres, more or less, about 40 acres, of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Neason, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 25 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a water saw mill, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. R. Donegan and another.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of B. F. Bell, of, in and to piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of F. Flanagan, Henry Gates, and —— Condron, containing 400 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Andrew Jones, defendant.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 2, 1873.

REGISTER'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3D, A. D. 1873, viz:

1. The first account of Henry Varner, administrator of Anthony Hunt, late of Jackson township, deceased.
2. The account of Francis O'Friel, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Jas. McGough, late of Allegheny township, deceased.
3. The first and partial account of Wm. Kittell, administrator of Hugh Jones, late of Cambria township, deceased.
4. The final account of Wm. Caldwell, guardian of Frank A. Johnston.
5. The account of Francis O'Friel and Charles Miller, executors of Daniel Miller, late of Loretto borough, deceased.
6. The second and final account of William Young, executor of Isabella Brown, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
7. The first and final account of Jno. J. Young, guardian of H. H. Johnston, minor child of Isabella Brown, late of Conemaugh boro', dec'd.
8. The second and final account of J. A. Kennedy, administrator of Dominic McBride, late of Carroll township, deceased.
9. The account of John Benton, administrator *cum testamento annexo* of Joseph Larimer, late of Johnstown, deceased.
10. The partial account of James J. Kaylor, executor of Edward A. Burk, late of Washington township, deceased.
11. The first and partial account of Ellen M. Walters, administratrix of Henry Walters, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
12. The first and partial account of Barbara Biffinger, administratrix of Christian Biffinger, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
13. The first and final account of Jos. Criste, guardian of Eliza and Daniel Kyle, minor children of Winifred Kyle, late of Washington township, deceased.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1873.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property of decedents, selected and set apart for the Widows of Intestates, under the Act of Assembly of 14th April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court, for approval and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, THE 3D DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1873, to-wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Theresa A. Weible, widow of Andrew Weible, late of Cambria township, deceased,—$300.
2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for the use of Eve Rider, widow of John Rider, late of Summerhill township, deceased,—$137.59.
3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Sarah Canan, widow of Robert H. Canan, late of Johnstown borough, deceased,—$300.
4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Donoughe, widow of Patrick Donoughe, late of Allegheny township, deceased,—$300.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 3, 1873.

POOR HOUSE NOTICE.—At a regular meeting of the Directors of the Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county, on Monday, Nov. 3, 1873, it was unanimously

RESOLVED, That on and after Saturday, Nov. 15th, 1873, all allowances to Out-Door Paupers shall cease, except in cases where legal information has been made before a Justice of the Peace, to be accompanied by the affidavit of a practising Physician, setting forth that the Pauper's health is in such a condition that removal to the Poor House would endanger his or her life; and all other cases *must* be removed to the House.

RESOLVED, That the foregoing resolution be published in the *Freeman* at Ebensburg and the *Democrat* at Johnstown for two weeks.

JAMES FAHEN,
JOHN BLOCH,
ANSELM WEAKLEN,
Directors.

Attest—I. LILLY, Clerk. [nov 7-2t.]

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of Mrs. ELIZABETH SHARAR, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to Shoemaker & Sechler or to the Administrator, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. WILLIAM MARIN, Administrator.

Nov. 7, 1873.-6t.

NOTICE!—All persons knowing themselves indebted to W. W. SAUPP, whose books are now in my hands, as well as all those who are indebted to me personally, on book account or otherwise, are hereby notified that if they do not call and settle on or before the first day of December, proximo, their accounts will be placed in the hands of H. J. Hauk, Esq., for collection. Parties interested will do well therefore to heed this notice.

S. M. DOUGLASS.

Chest Twp., Nov. 7, 1873.-3t.*

GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION!

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD AND SILVER COIN
WILL BE DISTRIBUTED BY
M. L. OATMAN.
In making change for his customers,
From now until January 1st. 1874.
ALL PARTIES WISHING A SHARE OF THE GOOD OLD "HARD STUFF," CAN SECURE IT BY BECOMING CUSTOMERS AT THE
Only Cash Store in Ebensburg,
WHERE THEY CAN ALSO SAVE 15 CENTS ON EACH DOLLAR INVESTED.

☞ *All sales cash at time of purchase. No accounts kept in any case, and Goods of every description cheaper than elsewhere in Ebensburg.*

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
AT THE NEW
EAGLE CLOTHING STORE
OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,
(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased,)
231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND CENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be sold at 15 per cent. less than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town, and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVER-COATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialties, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. M. H. NATHANSON & CO.

JOHN BENTON..... JOHN S. TITTLE.

BENTON & TITTLE,
(Successors to BENTON & WAYNE,)
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Iron, Nails, Glass, Putty, Horse Shoes, Leather, Shoe Findings,
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, WASH MACHINES AND WRINGERS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
Wagon Hubs, Spokes and Felloes,
HUB BOXING AND SPOKE TENONING MACHINES, &c.,
Nos. 208 and 210 Main Street Johnstown, Pa.
[Sept. 5.-4m.] ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY FILLED.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate in the case of Richard H. Tudor vs. Evan E. Evans, No. 74, September Term, E. D., *Vend. Expon.*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in the Borough of Ebensburg, on MONDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1873, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., when and where they may present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

Ebensburg, Oct. 31, 1873.-3t.

ESTATE OF JANE WHERRY, DEC'D.—AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to hear and decide on exceptions to the account of Geo. J. Rodgers and William Kittell, Executors of the last will and testament of Jane Wherry, late of the Borough of Ebensburg, County of Cambria, deceased, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, Nov. 14th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must attend and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. JAMES NULL, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 20, 1873.-3t.

NOTICE.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY—SARAH ANN TURNER, by her next friend, SAM'L TREES, *vs.* SAMUEL TURNER—No. 58, March Term, 1873, *Pluries Subpœna in Divorce.*

To the respondent above named: You are hereby required to appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, for the County of Cambria, on the first Monday of December next, to answer the complaint of the libellant in the above stated case.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 20, 1873.-4t.

ESTATE OF PAT'K DONAHOE, DEC'D.—Letters of Administration on the estate of PATRICK DONAHOE, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

SILAS H. DONAHOE, } Adm'rs.
ALFRED P. DONAHOE, }

Allegheny Twp., Oct. 31, 1873.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY DONAHOE, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of MARY DONAHOE, late of Washington township, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

THOMAS DONAHOE, Adm'r.

Washington Twp., Oct. 31, 1873.-6t.*

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of WM. CALLAN, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary to the estate of WILLIAM CALLAN, late of Washington township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ELLEN J. CALLAN, } Executors.
JNO. E. SCANLAN, }

10-24.-6t.

NOTICE.—I have this day bought from ROMAN EBIG, of Carrolltown borough, the following property, which I have left with him and for his use until further notice: 1 cow, 1 hog, 1 bureau, 1 table, 1 stand, 6 chairs, 1 cooking stove, 1 heating stove, 2 bedsteads and bedding, 1 cupboard, 1 clock, 1 clock, and a set of dishes. I hereby warn all persons against meddling or in any way interfering with said property. PETER STOLTZ.

Barr Twp., Cambria Co., Oct. 18, 1873.-3t.*

Trustee's SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in Blacklick township, on

FRIDAY, November 1st, 1873,
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

by public vendue or outcry, the following described Real Estate, of which ABRAHAM C. MAKIN, late of said township, died seized, to-wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in the Township of Blacklick, County of Cambria, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a hemlock on line of tract George Sleugh, south 25½ degrees, west 150 perches, more or less, to a hemlock; thence north 64 degrees, west 167 perches, to a post; thence north 25½ degrees, east 150 perches, to a beech (down); thence south 64 degrees, east 167 perches, to the place of beginning—containing

150 ACRES,

with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads—35 ACRES of which are cleared—having thereon erected a two-story PLANK HOUSE and a small LOG STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE.—The costs incident to partition and sale to be paid on confirmation of sale; two-thirds of the balance of the purchase money to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives of the said deceased, or the parties entitled thereto, in one year thereafter, with interest; and the remaining third to remain as a lien on the premises until the death of Elizabeth Wilson, late Elizabeth Makin, widow of said deceased, the interest whereof to be paid annually and punctually to her during her lifetime, and at her death the said remaining third to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives aforesaid, or the persons then legally entitled to the same—the purchaser to enter into recognizance in the Orphans' Court, with sufficient surety, to be approved of by the said Court, for the payment of the purchase money aforesaid.

Oct. 31.-3t. W. B. BONACKER, Trustee.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—To ROBERT DONALDSON, one of the heirs and legal representatives of EDWARD DONALDSON, late of Washington township, Cambria county, deceased:

Take notice that an Inquisition will be held at the late dwelling house of Edward Donaldson, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, on FRIDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1873, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same—at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 28, 1873.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report distribution of the money in the hands of Wm. H. Sechler, Esq., Executor of Richard Thomas, deceased, as shown by his first account, confirmed Sept. 9, 1873, to and among those entitled thereto, all parties interested are hereby notified that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 23, 1873.-3t.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE!—SARAH ANN TURNER, by her next friend, SAMUEL TREES, *vs.* SAMUEL TURNER—Common Pleas of Cambria County, No. 58, March Term, 1873.—*Libel in Divorce.*

Oct. 24, 1873, the Court appoint W. HORACE ROSS, Esq., a Commissioner to take testimony in this case. From the Record.

Notice is hereby given, that, pursuant to the above appointment, I will sit at my office, in the Borough of Johnstown, on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time all parties interested can attend if they see proper. W. HORACE ROSS,

Johnstown, Oct. 22, 1873. Commissioner.

Protect Your Buildings!

Which may be done with less than quarter the usual expense by the use of

GLENE'S PATENT SLATE ROOFING PAINT.

A roof may be covered with a very cheap shingle, and by the application of this Slate be made to last from 25 to 50 years. Old roofs can be patched and coated and made to look much better and last longer than new shingles without the slate, for one-third the cost of reshingling.

The cost of slating new shingles is only about the cost of simply laying them, and the slate is fire-proof against sparks and live coals falling upon it, as may be easily tested by any one, and as appears from the fact that Insurance companies make the same tariff that they do for slated roof.

For tin and iron it has no equal, as it expands by heat and contracts by c

WAXED.

The other night at Truckee two young men, visiting the same young lady, tried to "freeze each other out," or in other words, to see which would stay the longest. It appears that this is the common amusement at Truckee, and though perhaps pleasant to the young men is somewhat expensive. The *Republican* tells the story as follows:

The heads of the family left the young people alone at the proper time and retired, apparently for the purpose of rest and slumber. About midnight the young lady expressed a desire to step out on the porch to see the moon and get the fresh air, and of course both of the "freezers" followed. The door was closed after them. While moon and star gazing, the man of the house steps unobserved into the parlor and distributes a liberal supply of shoemaker's wax on two of the seats of the cane-bottomed chairs—those that the men had vacated. This wax was of the right consistency to serve the purpose in this case. The young lady on the porch, who was in the secret, soon found an excuse for returning with her admirers. The young men sank down again into the "reserved seats," and each redoubled his efforts to please the damsel, annoy his fellow, and keep awake. About an hour passed in this way, by which time the wax, aided by the warmth, pressing down upon it, had become thoroughly amalgamated with the shoddy of the pants—in fact the cane-bottoms of the chairs, the wax and the pantaloons became a sort of inseparable trinity. The time for the crisis was close at hand. It came—each one of the bachelors found himself glued to his seat, and [illegible] of pulling and tugging [illegible] If they arose the[y] they tried [illegible] embarrassing [illegible] to think they had to [illegible] scrape. The lady suggested that they build up a rousing fire in the stove and then each backing up as near the heat as possible "melt the darned stuff off," as she said. This method was tried, but didn't work, as with the chairs fastened to them they couldn't get near enough to the fire. After they had sweat in the heated room for about an hour to no purpose, the wax retaining its relentless grip and connection, they saw no other way out of their awkward dilemma except to engage in a surgical operation. It was getting along toward morning, and daylight was near at hand. They realized that whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Their jack-knives were brought into requisition, and in a few minutes each fellow was released from his uncomfortable position. They left the young lady and the house in a hasty, unceremonious manner, with a cane patch on the rear of their unmentionables about the size of a full moon. Freezing out games are not so popular as they were.

THE SMALL BOY OF MERCED RIVER.—Where the road between Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced river, that stream is about two hundred yards in width, and even at this season of the year, when the water is quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. Last Thursday a patent medicine agent, traveling on horse-back through that section, came to the river, and hesitated about attempting to ford it, as he saw the wide expanse of rushing waters. There is no bridge anywhere along there, so, after some indecision, he concluded to swim his horse across. Spying a small boy fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:

"Hello, Bub!"

"Hello, yourself!"

"Can I get you to take my clothes across the river in your boat?"

"I rekin you kin, if you've got any soap."

"All right; I'll give you a quarter to take over my clothes and this carpet-sack to the opposite shore."

To this the boy nodded assent, the stranger disrobed, turned over the carpet-sack and habiliments to the juvenile, who paddled out into the stream, and mounted his horse preparatory to swimming the river and enjoying the luxury of a bath. With a plash at every movement the horse stepped into the stream, and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep. To say that the medicine man, perched on the back of his horse, was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour would hardly do justice to the occasion. There were enough "dams" along the Merced that afternoon to supply a hundred mill-sites.—California Exchange.

A TRUE BILL.—"Some days since," says the Anoka (Minn.) *Republican*, "a well dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and, sending for a justice of the peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The justice said, "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him he had performed the same service for the lady some years before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said she had been married previously. 'Have you a bill from your former husband?' asked Mr. Justice. 'Yes,' she replied, 'I have a bill.' This being satisfactory the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared man and wife. As they were about departing, the Justice, who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore said to the lady: 'Have you the bill with you?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied. "Have you any objection to allowing me to see the bill?' said our friend. 'None whatever,' she replied, stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said:—'Here, Bill, come here quick; here is a gentleman that wishes to see you.' The gentleman wilted."

AN Iowa clergyman who had a donation party recently has beans enough to do him for thirty-five years.

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They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpserding every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

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MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg, Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic[ited] [illegible]y.]

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Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

How They Pop the Question.

The sailor says, "I like your rig,
And though I've noticed many,
I really think you are, old gal,
As trim a craft as any;
And if you'll only say the word,
Through every kind of weather,
Just blast my eyes if we don't
Go cruising on together."

The poet, with enraptured gaze,
Points out a single star—
"'Tis thus, sweet lady, that you shine
On mortals from afar;
But oh! it is my fondest hope—
Though selfish, I must own—
That in some modest, vine-wreathed cot,
You'll shine for me alone."

The dancing-master, French of course,
Thinks earnestly of mating,
And seeks some little widow with
A bow excruciating.
"Madame, ze heart is in ze hope
You love a leetle beet,
And go ze way of life vis me;
Madame, I kees your feet."

The actor quotes from many plays,
And swears by many powers,
His hand shall build his Arabella
A cot among the flowers.
Without her smile he e'er is like
A ship without a rudder;
Then talks of dark despair and death
Until he makes her shudder.

The tradesman, with a busy eye,
A partner seeks for life—
For sure the best investment is
A tidy, loving wife.
He sees her as a kind of stock,
To sell as any other—
Counts out the requisite amount,
And buys her from her mother.

And Pat, the coachman, winks at Bid,
As flits from room to room
The ever merry chambermaid,
With dusting-pan and broom.
He says, "Me darlint, when we've laid
Us by a heap of money,
We'll get the priest to tie the knot,
If you'll say yes, me honey."

Says Hans Von Schmidt, who keeps saloon,
"I want a guter frow,
To help me make der lager pier,
Und milk der prindle cow;
To make mine shirts and cook de kront,
Und efrytings to do;
To feed der horse und slop der peeg
Und tend mine papies too."

And even Sam, the barber man,
At Nan rolls up his eyes,
And talks of matrimonial bliss,
With most heart-rending sighs,
"If you don't gub that lilly hand
To dis 'ere lub-sick nigger,
He puts dis pistol to him head,
And den him pulls de trigger."

'Tis thus mankind rush to their fate,
For which a brilliant light,
That little elfin being Love,
Has power beyond the sight.
Like children's barks adown the falls
To waters still below,
Some glide along without a heart.
And some to ruin go.

Our Book Table.

ANY one who examines the November ALDINE will be suprised at the sumptuousness of its illustrations, as well as the high literary merit of its poetry and prose. Besides the two full-page orignal pictures, this number contains reproductions of three celebrated steel engravings, which alone would cost at the picture shops no less than thirty dollars. The ALDINE pictures are every way as fine as the steel engravings. The first illustration is a full-page view of Lake Mohonk, in Ulster County, New York, by Kruseman Van Elten, of the National Academey. He depicts all the wild romance of the lake in the mountains. Homer Martin has a full-page picture of "A White Mountain Brook," grand, shadowy, and silent. "Home and its Treasnres," after R. Carrick, is full of delightful remembrances at this Thanksgiviny season of the year. "A Chance Meeting," and "The First Visit," after Rudaux, are two tender and charming pictures of love-life of an artist—the first a breezy, out-of-door scene, the second a warm, cosy interior. These last-named pictures are magnificent works of art, surpassingly delicate in tone and sentiment. The other illustrations are "The Robber of the Air," a spirited conflict between birds, by Deiker; "English Mastiffs," a group of three noble dogs, by Specht; "A Masterpiece," a scene full of humor and life; a large view of the grand entrance to the Ratisbon Cathedral; a very faithful and satisfactory portrait of the late Charles Temple Dix, the artist son of Governor John A. Dix, of New York, by H. Balling, and a sweet little scene of autumn, when "the ripened grain they took from the wain." We can say with truth that no art magazine ever gave its readers a dozen such superb illustrations in one number. The literary contents of the ALDINE for November are of superior quality and interest. Rev. E. E. Hale, the popular author, and editor of *Old and New*, contributes a historical sketch, entitled "Thanksgiving Days." Kate Putnam Osgood, sister of J. R. Osgood, the publisher, sends from France a sprightly story called "My Neighbor." Elise Polko, a famous writer, has a sweet story entitled "On Drachenfels." The editor of THE ALDINE writes about "English Mastiffs," "Gems of Art," "A White Mountain Brook," and gives a sketch of the life of Charles Temple Dix. Chandos Fulton, author of a recent book, has a charming article called "Sunset Scenes;" and Max A. Muller writes of "Translations of American Books in Europe." The departments of music, art, and literature, and filled with carefully written articles on Philharmonic Societies, Progress of Photography, Longfellow, the Cary Sisters, Madame Schwartz and Thoreau. The other prose articles are "Lake Mohonk," "The Robber of the Air," "A Master-piece," and "Ratisbon Cathedral." The poetry in this number is of unusual excellence, comprising a long poem by Mary E. Bradley, entitled "The Little Hero of Haarlem;" "The Painted Cup," by W. W. Bailey, and "Coming and Going," by Dr. S. T. Clark, the whole forming a collection of rare art gems, essays by our best writers, and sweet poems, not to be found in any other magazine in the world. Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, the author of "The English Governess at the Court of Siam," has commenced to write for the ALDINE. Her first article will appear in the December number. Subscription price $5, including Chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

IN WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for November, the table of contents seems spread for a Thanksgiving feast, and gives evidence that no efforts have been spared that could add to its excellence. "A Sermon on a Skimmer," is not only pleasing in its quaintness and originality, but contains sound logic. "Mrs. Pomeroy's Pin Money," is capital. "Upon the Stand" is another meritorious sketch, by the popular writer, Kate W. Hamilton. "Codfish and Potatoes," by Eleanor Kirk, is a short serial which opens well. "Growing Aged Together," by the Rev. Robert Collyer, is well worth the price of the year's subscription; it is full of this great man's eloquence. There are many other interesting articles had we space to mention them. A new feature of the magazine is the introduction of pictures, and the illustration, "Past, Present and Future," here given, is exceedingly pretty. Price 1,00; with chromo "Yosemite," $1,50. Address *Wood's Household Magazine*, Newburg, N. Y.

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VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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GEORGE HUNTLEY.
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Cigars and Tobaccos,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.
☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lowest prices than ever offered in this place.
Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
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THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of
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And all other description of Work in that line.
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June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

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☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
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PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture
LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.
The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.
Steam Engines and all kind of Machiner,
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.
☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.
HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to publ[ic] favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

Anecdotes of Public Worthies.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—One day, in a fit of abstraction, the juvenile George cut down Bushrod's favorite cherry tree with a hatchet. His purpose was to cut it down. But the old gentleman came sailing around the corner of the barn just as the first stroke was given, and the Father of his Country had started on a full run.

George reflected for a moment. There wasn't another boy or another horse within fifteen miles. Besides, it occurred to him that to be virtuous is to be happy. Just as Washington senior turned to run and get his horsewhip, our little hero burst into tears, and, nestling among his father's coat-tails, exclaimed, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. It must have been a frost."

"My son, my son," stammered the delighted parent, as he made a pass for his cane, "when you get to be first in war and first in peace, just cover your back pay with Treasury, and the newspaper people will respect you!"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Early in life a party of distinguished Massachusetts gentlemen called on Mr. Lincoln to request the appointment of a certain Mr. Brown to the post of quartermaster. The President, who was amusing himself by splitting rails into rails, received them cordially, and stated their errand in an earnest and respectful tone, and calmly awaited the answer. Mr. Lincoln, drawing himself up to his full height and chopping the axe down on the shoulder, began to tell a story of a dog-fight he once saw in Kentucky.

By and by it had gradually grown to several hours had passed away, and the dog appeared to get killed or to have the advantage over the other. One by one the party had dropped off, till the last one did not wish to disturb Mr. Lincoln (who had on his shoulder) was left alone. He tried to conceal a yawn and to look interested. Suddenly, Mr. Lincoln, with the most benignant smile on his countenance which a good penter can talk about, but can't be remarked, "By the way, my friend, I called for Brown, but I gave that appointment to the other man yesterday."

DANIEL WEBSTER.—The [illegible] edote of the great Massachusetts man has never before appeared in print.

One day, Clay, Webster and Calhoun met upon the steps of the Capitol. Clay ventured to remark, in his peculiarly humble style, that it looked like rain. Webster looked wise, but said nothing. Calhoun looked as he took in the whole situation at a glance. It was a crisis for Webster. Carefully putting his thumb behind the third button of his blue coat, he gazed for a moment into those cavernous eyes and grandly uttered these prophetic words: "No power on earth can put the American people will never [illegible] Constitution. We shall never be conquered." And so it proved.—*From Personally Gossip, in Lippincott's Magazine for November.*

HOW TO KEEP WINTER APPLES.—In the following excellent suggestions by the *Vermont Farmer*:

The way that most farmers keep their winter apples is to hole them in the ground, or pile them up in a cellar. By this method you not only lose a great deal of time, but lose very many apples. Besides, you do keep over winter are in a condition. Apples may be kept in this way are quite open; but the best and surest way is to keep them in crates or boxes made in the following manner: These boxes or crates should be [illegible] wide by fifteen to eighteen long, and can be sawed or split. Nail your crates together the bottom and sides, leaving the top open for ventilation. Have your boards about [illegible] length—about three feet.

When you gather your apples from the trees, put them in these boxes as fast as you can, not to bruise them; and lay the boxes down on each other in your apple house. In this way you will handle these boxes with ease, and you can look your apples over with the greatest labor. When you are ready to ship them, simply nail a board over the top and the crate is done. In this way you get your apples to market in good condition and [illegible] but once. Keep your house cool as possible at all times, without freezing.

A SAD LITTLE DRAMA.—A Detroit man wants to sell a patent pistol cartridge advertising Newfoundland pup, he describes which. He went home then before he could set his cane, heavily charged, [illegible] door, and started in for a romp with the bright little ones and the spotted pup. They got along well enough for a while, when the cane, and going for it, the pup got promiscuous run around the room, and the table legs with it between his legs. The doting father remembered the effect of a slight pressure on a [illegible] with rare presence of mind [illegible] throwing the children from the [illegible] and placing himself on the [illegible] board before the thing went [illegible] only broke a hundred dollars' worth of pup got a few scratches in the face, and a plate glass window. The children will all recover.

NINE STATES IN A DAY.—"It's a mighty great thing, said an Irishman; "shottier me things—put me through 9 States in a day and divil a word of a lie in it."

exclaimed a dozen in astonishment. "Only nine of them, bejabers, as I'll prove it by my self like her ear. D'ye see now: I was [illegible] ried in New York in the morning wid my wife Biddy to Baltimore that day; hould your wist and [illegible] There was the state of matrimony. Then I entered in from a single state into another state, in the state of New York, and [illegible] through New Jersey. Pinsylvania, awur into Maryland, where I [illegible] most beautiful state of [illegible] that's nine; count 'em if you [illegible] but stame's a scrougeon."

SOME slight originality has crept its way into the obituary column of the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

Lay aside those little trousers,
That our darling used to wear,
He never on earth will want them,
He has climbed the golden stair.

If anybody can read that verse without shedding tears he may safely be set down as a fiend in human shape. The picture of the little boy climbing the golden stair, with his trousers on is very touching, and the more so because of the reference to the little one can never catch on.—*Rochester Democrat.*

THE East Brady *Independent* says houses are still brought here from the upper oil fields. Almost every day we see them hauled out from the depot to their place and carted off to Modoc or some other town. Many of these houses have been moved from place to place and back again a dozen times. Many of them are [illegible] ing houses, and this monotonous [illegible] fords the bedbugs splendid opportunities to see the country.

AN old farmer became seriously ill and was urged by a neighbor, who thought he was going to die, to send in a minister to pray for him. "To pray for me!" he said. "I am an original Granger, and don't want any middle man between me and God."